

AUNT POLLY'S SHOP .

One day in May we went out fishing ,
My old pal and I ;
We called in at Auntie Polly's ,
To see did she have some pie .

Now my old pal that I was with ,
Was my wife's oldest brother ;
He was a bit o' a clip as boy,
But no matter 'bout that nuther.

He up and says, "Aunt Poll," says he,
"The way you keep this place, oh my!
Semms to me you must use dust
For fillin that there pie."

Well, by the dogs that did the trick,
You shoulda seen the things that flew!
She bopped me on the head w'id broom,
And hit Clancy w'id her shoe.

Now Clancy he was Irish tough,
And did'nt give a hoot;
It happened though it hurt him bad,
Cause t'shoe was on her foot!

He hollers loud and scrouches down,
Then rolls around the floor;
He don't look where he wus rollin,
And fell through the cellar door.

It struck me of a sudden then,
That Polly when she's mad
Is quite a purty bit o' flesh,
Though ~~her~~ eyes were kinda sad.

I ups and tells her then;
How anger makes her purty.
Say's she, ""Why you old goat,
I'll teach you to be flirty!"

With that she snatches up a kittle.

An it was bilin ho? I

She aimed to hit me and sure did

For the most of it I got.

Right then ad there I swear by gosh,

I headed ou the door,

I missed my way 'an landed down

Where old Clancy'd gone before.

Now gents that would a fishing go

If eat Polly's pie you must,

Just praise it up , tough as it is,

But never mention dust !

Aug./81

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Aunt Polly andn the Furnituree.

We went out a' fishing, my old pal and I ;
We called in at Old Aunt Polly's
To see could we buy some pie/
An sorta fill our bellies .
Now this old pal that I was with ,
Was my wifes oldest brother ,
He was a bit o' a clip as boy ,
But no matter 'bout that nuther .

He up and says , Aunt pol says he ,
The way you keep this place , Oh my!
Seems to me you must use dust
For fillin that there pie .

Well by the dogs that did the trick ,
You should a seen the things that flew;
She bopped me on the head wid broom
And hit Ernie with her shoe .

Now Ernie he was tough and didnt give a hooat,
It happened though it hurt him bad ,
Cause t'shoe was on her foot !

He hollers loud and scrouches down
Then rolls around the floor ;
He dont look where he was rollin
And fell through the cellar door .

It struck me of a sudden then
That Polly when she's mad,
Is quite a purty bit o' flesh,
Though her eyes were sorta sad .

I ups and tells her then
How anger makes her purty '
Says she , "Why ~~you~~ goat
I'll teach you to be flirty ! "
With that she snatches up a kittle
An it was bilin hot ,
She aimed to hit me an sure did
For the most of hit I got !

Right then an there I swear by gosh
I headed out the door ,
I missed my way an landed down
Where Old Ernie'd gone before.

Now gents that would a fishing go
If eat Polly's pie you must ,
Just praise it up tough as it is,
But never mention dust !